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## So Far...

OF THE ORIGINAL eight travellers caught in the Creepy House, only Taggart, Roderick, and Jackie remain alive.

The deaths of the others have fulfilled a century-old bargain between the Chaos-cursed Anacostus and the original seven sorcerers who are each ancestors of the Creepy House's victims. The bargain is that, upon each death, one of the original seven is recreated, revived, and empowered with dark magic. Also, the hell-born jewel of each descendant disappears and re-materializes on the mystic symbol near the house's front door.

Taggart has escaped the house, but has kept close by the mysterious wall, and has encountered the single-minded J. J. Jackson, a bounty hunter tracking the man masquerading as Crawford. J. J. enters the Creepy House, chasing "Crawford" (actually a fugitive named Zach Selden). After she encounters her prey, Uncle Creepy locks Crawford/Selden into one of the house's many rooms.

Crawford/Selden finds himself at a fair ground, and experiences a dark distortion of the double murder which began his life on the run. He is stalked and killed by Valentine the clown.

The demon baby grows into the reincarnated Jamison Evanston, Carlotta's sister Marietta metamorphoses into a stopperpanger of the girls' Uncle Nick, and Yonessa Lyon appears out of the burning corpse of her grandson Randy Starr.

Jackie is shoved into a room by Jamison, and experiences his greatest terror; the brutal abuse he suffered as a child at the hands of his cousin Lockley. He had visualized the abuse as being performed by the Beast-Man, his aunt's characterization of the devil. At the end of the hallucination, Jackie triumphs over the recreation of the Beast Man/Lock, and—confidently for the first time— strides out into his future.

Uncle Creepy confronts the dead phantom of Lockley, commenting that the real Lock will be showing up at the House soon—and he won't be alone. The final phase of the plot is soon to begin.

We welcome your comments, *Dear Friends!* Please send any letters to:

Creepy Dead Letter Office  
c/o Barris Comics  
1115 Broadway, 8th floor  
New York, New York 10018

# CREEPY: THE REBIRTH

IN THE EARLY months of 1990, it landed in my lap: Do more issues of *Creepy*. After all, Harris Publications, Inc. had already committed to the reworked *Vampirella*. *Storing in America* and *Creepy* was the flagship title of the Warren line of horror comics magazines. Unfortunately, by the time it came to re-create *Creepy*, I had some editorial reservations.

There didn't seem to be much of a present-day market for anthology comic-book series. Today's readers, I felt, were more inclined to follow characters they know, and sometimes like. The approach that's part oral journal of the horror anthology format would work against *Creepy*'s success.

My answer was to construct an ongoing umbrella storyline with predetermined chapters for character spotlights. I started to refer to these as "story modules" and the terms caught on. They're not anthology episodes, since the featured characters are from the main story, and the events of the modules affect the plot progression in the main story.

I concocted a small prologue for *Creepy*, describing the set-up for the *Creepy* House (borrowed from "Dark House of Dreams" by Archie Goodwin and Angelo Torres for *Creepy* #12), setting up the relationship between *Creepy* and *Berie*, and outlining the "module" system. Next came the bare bones of the plot, and the gimmick of nesting the character modules as soon as each character is locked in one of the *Creepy* House's rooms. The notion of one of the House's victims was an imposter was included in the original outline, but beyond that, who and what the new characters were was to be left entirely up to the series' writer.

Cut to: Sometime in the Autumn of 1990, I outlined the concept to my choice of writer—Paul Dini, an animation author who had scripted some episodes of the syndicated *Monsters* TV series, and he agreed to assume the writing chores for the *Creepy* revamp. The press of other commitments caused Paul to drop the *Creepy* assignment, but he's managed to find work since. Dini's since won two Emmy awards for his work on *Tiny Toon Adventures* and is now writing for the syndicated *Itasca* animated series, and his current series work (*Shine for Claypool*.)

Next, I approached Peter David, a highly-popular writer whom I knew would deliver an exciting, inventive take on the concept. His first act as series writer was to conceptualize each of the victims of the *Creepy* House, and write a handbook which detailed each of the personalities and backgrounds of each of those important characters.

From there, the next editorial responsibility was to find an artist. I lucked out when Kieron Dwyer agreed to do layouts for the main story sequences in the series. Kieron turned Peter's character profiles into a fully-realized portfolio of portraits.

Then, after having turned in the pencil layouts for issue #1, Kieron had to bow out of the assignment (due to the reactivation of a previous commitment).

Fortunately, I had been successful at recruiting Tom Sutton to embellish the main story sequences. Tom's graphic sensibility was unparalleled, and ideally suited for black-and-white horror comics. Also, his association with the glory days of the Warren horror line would be a bonus for the new *Creepy*.

When Kieron left, I called upon Colleen Doran to lay out

issue #2. Colleen's schedule prevented her from doing more than one issue's worth of main story, so I decided to (slight) make it seem like it had been the plan all along to feature different layout artists in the main story sequences. Later, Jim Mooney and Louis De Chazare were called into service as layout artists.

If anything, this emphasizes the ongoing, organic nature of the editorial process. The various collaborative efforts between Sutton and the layout artists bring out different, interesting aspects of the story and its characters. This doesn't even begin to touch upon the creative interchange which was so crucial to this series. It was obvious that some of the story modules would need to be written by other authors, and this strategy proved to be invaluable in much more than scheduling: the first notion of the descendants being re-created as their ancestors came independently from Jo Duffy's "Cabinets" module in *Creepy* #1. Both Peter and I thought it was a great idea, and from thence came the unstructural birth of the *Exonator* baby (in #2), and the over-for-one recreation that became a major plot point thereafter. (Thanks, Jo!)

The character modules for the new *Creepy*, the *United Series* became the perfect answer to anthology stories: I was able to spread the work around, set up and sustain a valuable creative synergy, and still reap the benefits of a building a light, continuous storyline.

The cover for the new *Creepy* were also problematic, since the early, great *Creepy* covers were so unduplicatable. Fortunately, each issue of the new *Creepy* series has presented ample opportunities for cover designs. Dan Brannon agreed to paint each of the four *Creepy* covers, most of which from my editorial designs, and did a wonderful job on each.

There's been some top talent contributing to *Creepy*: the *United Series*, besides those already mentioned, including Dave Cochran, Kurt Busiek, Mike Manley, James Fry, Gary Cohen, Steve Ditko, Art Viscardi, Jackson Guice, Kevin Cunningham, Stan Shaw, Corinne Lennox, and Rick Haggard. I think the basis that we've established for the *Creepy* properties—past and present—and their place in the ongoing Harris Horror Universe, will wind up being crucial to its ongoing success.

I'm confident that this re-conceptualization of *Creepy* will help re-establish it as the premier venue for horror within the comics medium. I want to thank publisher Stanley Harris for allowing the much creative freedom for horror comics in today's market. I especially want to thank my co-editor Jesse Reyes, without whose artistic judgment and support the new *Creepy* would be quite, quite different—if it existed at all.

—R. H.

Later this year, the Harris Horror Universe will be expanded by the events of the *Creepy* Fear Book. The ongoing vile machinations of Uncle *Creepy* and *Carmen* Bone will be featured prominently (of course), but many other familiar figures will also be showcased. *Creepy* and *Berie*'s interactions themselves would make this book worth buying (ourselves, not their collectibles, trophies, pins, and musical numbers), but it also features the further solo adventures of *Vampirella*, Adam Van Helsing, and *Carmen Bone* (and the creative efforts of Peter David, Kurt Busiek, Art Adams, Dan Brannon, Jim Webb, Rick Haggard, Frank Lencz, and others).

ALL-NEW 48-PAGE THRILLER!



# CREEPY

SL \$5 USA

BOOK 4

Peter David

Louis La-Blanc

Tom Sutton

Royal

Strom

Wagner

Mooney



BRERETON  
1992



• HEARD •  
• HONEY •

GET HADDER  
HARRY FROM ME  
YOU HADDER  
ANIMAL

EVERY  
WELL ME AND  
GET TO OWN  
WITH

— OH GET  
THE HELL  
HARRY FROM  
ME ?



OH, OH  
ANY-GODS

PEOPLE AT  
HALLING  
HEDLEY

IS  
THERE A  
ADDER CAN  
JIM ?



RECKLESSLY  
YOU DON'T  
HEDLEY  
HARRY FROM  
HEDLEY

ME, ME AND A  
BUNCH OF PEOPLE  
WE WERE TALKING  
IN THIS MOOD

— ELLA  
PEOPLE ARE  
DYING AND

AND  
HARRY ?



D.

GASP



THAT'S RIGHT YOU  
LITTLE PUSANT  
DAD

BUT NOT  
COMELY TELY  
DAD - THANKS  
TO YOU

BARBARON  
GARRIS - ACCORDAS  
CONRAD - SAY HELLO  
TO MY FIGHT JON





## HOME BODIES

WHAT'S THE MATTER, BOBBY?

ONLY ACCUSTOMED TO LOOKING AT UNPLEASANT THINGS

WHEN YOU SEE YOUR REFLECTION IN THE MIRROR EVERY MORNING?

HARD TO BELIEVE UNLESS YOU'VE LIVED A HUNDRED YEARS OLD, ISN'T IT, RODGER?

THE THING THEY CAN DO NOWADAYS IT'S POSITIVELY

BERNARD

I'VE COME TO SEE "CASSIDY," BUT ALL RIGHT?

WRITTEN BY  
PETER DAVID  
CHARACTERIZED BY  
LOUIS LACHARRE  
EMBELLISHED BY  
JOHN BRYFORD  
LETTERED BY  
ARLEN CUMMINGS  
EDITED BY  
RICHARD MORTON & JESSIE REYES













ALL OF YOU STANDING THERE SO GALENTY AS IF YOU'VE ACCOMPLISHED SOMETHING

YOU'VE DONE NOTHING! LOOK AT THE TIME! IT'S MIDNIGHT! AMACORUS WILL COME TO COLLECT THE BATTLE.



FROM THERE! THE ANTI-EPIC AFTERMATH IN WHICH THEY'RE HONORED!

BUT THEY'VE SURVIVED TO BE CONSUMED! SOULS SOULS BLACK WITH DESPAIR—SOULS THAT ARE YOUR DESPAIR! BUT THAT'S NOT WHAT YOU'VE BEEN BORN TO DO!



WE'VE DONE OUR BEST GALENT

YOUR BEST? YOUR BEST HAS INCLUDED MURDERING SEVERAL WOLF BLOOD WHO STILL SHOUTED DEFENSE AT THE END AND ONE THE ONE CALLING HIMSELF CHAMBERLAIN

HE MIGHT EVEN REALLY A DESPAIR-GALENT



APPEAR FOR YOURSELVES! LITTLE SOMEONE'S FEAR FOR WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO YOU IF YOU DO NOT REDEEM YOURSELVES IN

PUT AWAY THAT ANONIMOUS PERSON!

I'LL EAT FASTER



WHERE WAS I?

REDEEM YOURSELVES IN

OH YES, REDEEM YOURSELVES IN THE EYES OF AMACORUS, AND IN THE EYES OF ANOTHER MATTHEW GALENT

I'VE HAD TO BATTLE, BUT AT GALENT.



AT THE POINT OF THE REINCARNATED SCORPIONS

I CAN'T GET AWAY



I THINK YOU SHOULD RESERVE  
HIS. SEE, A FEW HOURS AGO HE  
ONLY WAS A DISHER, WHICH  
MEANS HE HAD LITTLE TO  
HIDE

CAN I  
GET YOU  
SOMETHING  
NO GAUNT?  
CORSET TEAR  
NEEDLES?



AND SURE, YOU PROBABLY  
FOUL UP YOURS SIMPLY  
A BEING TO  
AN END

AND SOON  
WE CAN PUT AN  
END TO THAT  
AS WELL



THAT WAS UNWELL  
FOR BEING MANHANDLED  
BY MY "GUESTS" - WAS  
ONE THING THEY DIDN'T  
KNOW ANY BETTER

BUT YOU, SIR,  
SHOULD NOT TREAT  
ME IN THAT MANNER  
EVEN IF YOU ARE  
MATTHEW GAUNT  
I DESERVE -

YOU DESERVE  
WHAT I GIVE YOU  
AND NOTHING MORE



WHAT OF  
CORSETTE?  
AND WHAT  
CORSETTE  
WHERE IS SHE?

THE DEATH  
OF THE  
ANASTASIA  
DID NOT  
RELEASE HIS  
DECOMPOSED  
FORM



THE MAN  
CORSETTE MUST DIE  
IN SOME MANNER, FOR  
THE SCALES TO BE  
BALANCED THERE MUST  
BE SEVEN DEAD OR  
SERVANTS?



JOE'S  
WORKING  
ON IT. I'M  
SURE OF  
IT

WE HAD BETTER  
SUCCEED FASTEN  
SHE'S HER  
MAYBE FROM  
FROM THE BEYOND  
A TRAVEL TO  
MY MYSTICAL  
KNOWLEDGE

UNTIL  
I'M AGAIN  
FULLY  
ALIVE

MY  
RESOURCES  
WILL  
GROW  
THICK

AT THAT MOMENT DOWN  
IN THE VILLAGE HOSPITAL



WAS THE REAL CORNFORD A  
LAD CLAMOR FOR THE AFTER  
ACCIDENT THAT ADVISED  
HIS ATTEMPT TO GET  
TO THE CREEPY HOUSE.

ALIBI THEN MR DOWD  
SAY IT ABOUT TO BEAT  
THE CREEPY HOUSE LAST?



UNFORTUNATELY, SHE'S  
NEVER GOING TO GO  
OWN TO AGAIN.



CORNFORD  
HERE  
YOU ARE  
YOUR  
CORNFORD'S  
HEAT!



YOU'LL  
BOY YOU  
HAVE  
ABSOLUTELY  
NO IDEA.



OF THE  
TROUBLE  
YOU'VE  
CAUSED.



MEANWHILE, BACK AT  
THE OLD HALLS

NOW SEE IF  
FOR ONCE,  
YOU CAN DO  
SOMETHING  
RIGHT?

TOSS  
THEM IN  
ANYWAY!  
BUT AT  
THEIR

BREAK THEM  
IF YOU VALUE  
YOUR SOULS!



THE LORD  
WILL SEE  
YOU ALL  
BURN FOR  
THIS!

GIVE THEM  
GIVE THEM  
GIVE THEM  
AND A  
BURNING  
I'LL SEND THEM  
TO HELL  
APPEAL  
GET YOUR  
MEAT-  
HUNTERS  
OFF ME!

GIVE ME  
THOSE  
HEYES!



THEY'RE  
SUPPOSED TO  
BE MY JOB!

YOUR JOB  
DISCRETION  
JUST  
CORNFORD!





FROM THE BOOK  
OF CREASY,  
CHAPTER 4,  
VERSES 13-24

AS I LAY AT THE  
TABLE FOR LUNCH  
ASSUMED, THERE  
CAME A MAN

AS I LAY AT  
THE TABLE  
ASSUMED

FOR HE KNEW THAT  
HE WAS IN THE  
HOUSE OF HIS  
BROTHER, AND HE  
CALLED ON HIS  
COUNSEL, DEEP  
BUTTER HUE

"Revelations"



But upon the  
clanking of the  
great doors behind  
him, the first counsel  
he had accepted him

LET  
ME  
OUT!

I AM  
OUT  
OF  
HERE!

LET ME OUT,  
PLEASE, OH GOD,  
PLEASE!

GOING



GOD  
IS WITH  
ME



GOD  
IS WITH  
ME!



GOD  
IS WITH  
ME



THE  
GODS  
MY  
SHEEP  
HEAD

I  
SHALL  
NOT  
WAIST



I SHALL  
NOT  
WAIST IT

AND  
I SHALL  
NOT BE  
WASTED  
SLIGHT



I HAVE  
SEEN  
THE  
POWER, I HAVE  
SEEN THE  
GLORY

I HAVE  
SEEN THE  
GODS THAT  
AND I HAVE  
SEEN YOUR  
POWER AND  
YOUR  
CONTRIBUTION  
TO HIM





THAT  
THAT  
SOMEONE  
IT'S

CRYING

DEAR  
LORD... WHY  
ARE YOU  
CRYING?



I CRY FOR  
YOUR  
ROBERTS

CRYING  
FOR HIM  
WHO KNOWS  
HE'S GOING TO  
ATTENDING  
TO SOMETHING  
ANYWHERE IN EARTH



...SOMEONE  
WHOSE ACTS AS  
HIS OWN SHALLONNESS...  
ONE WHO LOOKS UPON  
ME AND SEE'S NOTHING  
BUT WHERE I LOOK  
UPON AND SEE  
NOTHING

EDGARSHHHHHH



THE MASTERS  
BECAME JUST  
ANOTHER  
MYSTICIST...  
SPOKE TWO  
WORDS HE  
SAID HE'S  
NOT



AND THE TEARS  
OF THE LORD  
DROPPED DOWN  
UPON THE MASTERS' FEET  
AND THEY WERE  
LIKE UNTO ASH



AND LO THE  
LORD WAS  
STRUCK  
FROM HIM AND  
HE SAW  
NOTHING







THAT VOICE... I KNOW  
YOU WERE WEARING  
THE FORM OF THE GREAT  
THREE-HEADED DRAGON  
ALREADY, WERE YOU?



THOSE  
GODS I  
WENT TO  
ASK THE  
TRUTH

LOARD?



THAT WAS  
WHEN I  
GOODECK  
WENT AWAY  
LONGER

NOT AT ALL HAVE YOU HEARD  
I'M GOING TO BE A SUCCESSFUL  
AND THIS IS MY BLAME ON  
YOUR



THAT  
AND NO  
ONE GOT  
IT OVER  
WITH



DON'T YOU  
KNOW THAT A  
SOMEBODY TO  
CHANCE TO  
GET OUT



OF COURSE,  
GOODECK, YOU  
MIGHT THINK THAT A  
CHANCE FROM ME LEAVES  
YOU SOME HOPE, BUT THEN  
AGAIN, IT'S BETTER THAN  
AND HOPE AT ALL

I'LL  
EVEN LET YOU  
PLAY TO YOUR STRENGTH  
YOU CAN TRY TO APPROACH  
YOUR WAY OUT OF THIS

THE  
DISTANCE  
YOU'RE USED TO  
NO ONE ALREADY  
TO THE CONCEPT  
NOT THIS TIME





**A**LTHOUGH THE MAIN STORIES OF ALBERT THOMAS, AND IT WAS LONG BEFORE FOR HIMSELF, AND IT WAS LONG BEFORE HIS WIFE, DID NOT HAVE ANY MORE CHILDREN, ONE OF HIS DAUGHTERS AND HER MOTHER.



**A**SKED HOW IF THEY  
RECOVERED TO  
JUST ABUSE THEM,  
AND IN THEIR TOWN,  
COULD SOMEONE  
COME WITH THE LORD,  
FOR THE LORD IS  
ALL-FORGIVING.



AND AS HE SCREAMS, HIS SOUL  
 LEAVES HIS BODY WITH A  
 THUD. THAT'S RIGHT—HE  
 WASN'T EVEN DEAD FOR  
 LONGER THAN THE  
 SCREAMS! OH, AND THEY  
 SAW THE DEADIES FOR HIM!  
 THEY HURRIED AND CALLED  
 HIM AND THEY WERE AFRAID







WHY CAN  
SOMEONE  
DON'T YOU  
SAY FOR  
EVEN ME?

I AM  
LATE. I  
AM THE  
DESTROYER  
OF ALL  
THAT THE  
SPEAKERS  
OF TOWN

YOU  
CAN'T  
HOLD  
ME



YOU HE LOST, SOMEONE  
MAY AS WELL ENJOY  
HER WHILE YOU  
CAN

YOU  
COULDN'T WORK  
YOUR HOLY MAGIC  
ON ME? LET ME  
WORK MY OWN  
MAGIC ON  
YOU

YOU  
WON'T BE  
SILENT



LET ME THINK  
YOU HEAD AND THINK  
I SAID? DON'T YOU  
UNDERSTAND?

YOU TRY  
TO PLAY LOVE  
MY MARRIAGE  
WHILE I WAS  
TRYING TO PLAY  
TO YOU  
I REMEMBER

YOU LOST FOR  
ME, BUT I LOVE  
ME-AND GOD LOVES YOU-AND  
FORGIVES YOU. HE DROPS



LET ME THINK THE  
GEORGE'S SWEETNESS  
THAT LIE WITHIN YOU  
DON'T MEETING  
YOU BE HAPPY WITH  
WHAT YOU ARE? YOU  
CAN'T FEEL HIM?  
OH LET? DON'T  
TRY TO FEEL  
YOUR -

-HELP-











"you've led  
me here."

"OF  
COURSE  
AND READY  
TO GO."



"YOU  
WOULDN'T  
HAVE HAD  
IT ANY  
OTHER  
WAY."



"POOR, WE GOT  
ANOTHER  
ONE. SEEN A  
THING GAUNT?"

"DON'T DRINK  
HERE. YOU TEND  
WE STILL NEED  
MORE BEATING."



"LET'S CHECK IN  
ON OUR BROTHER  
BROTHER BROTHER  
THEIR, SHALL WE?"





WHAT THE HELL--??

WHAT SORT A BEASTY TRICK IS THAT MYSTICED OLD PRINCE PLAYING AWAY? I'M GONNA WOUND HIM AROUND HIS FART SIDE KICK AND SMOKE 'EM BOTH--

A VOICE RINGS IN HER HEAD "FORGET TOMBOY?"

HER? WHO SAID THAT?

HEY! TOMBOY AND ME SAID IT! I'M NOT GONNA GET TAKEN IN BY YOUR CREAM LITTLE TRICKS! YOU'VE HEARD ME!



I'M NOT A DESICANT OF ANY SEVEN SORCERERS AND I SHOULD BE HERE!



GODDAMMIT! WHAT'S THAT GANG OF GEERS UP TO? FIRST THEY THROW ME INTO ONE OF THEIR DAMNED ROOMS THEN, TO ADD A TWIST TO THE SNAKE--

SOMEONE GOES AND UP-LINE PRINCESS OF--

--ON HER WAY TO THE COURT-MARTIAL?

WELL, IF YOU CAN HEAR ME, LISTEN UP--



I'M NOT GOING TO BE ABOUT HIS ONE OF YOUR LITTLE--

TOO BUT--



WHO SAID THAT? WHO'S HERE WITH ME?

NO ONE--

HER BUT--

YOU!

YOU!

AND US--















AND THEN MY QUEEN DROPPED ME AND PRODUCED A GIRL.

SHE SAYS IT? THAT?

JACK CHOPPERS



ARE YOUR MAJESTICALNESS?

IF SHE WOULD GO LEFT, SHE'D GIVE YOU A BOY LIKE WHAT YOU'D ASKED



WHY ANYONE WOULD KNOW I DO THAT...

...IF THE VO A GOOD HEAD ON THEIR SHOULDERS



I CAN'T STAND IT ANYMORE! WHAT ARE YOU PEOPLE? OUTSIDER!

WHAT THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING TO?

IT'S JUST THE WAY OF THE WOOD, A BOY, SAY?

I WANTED A BOY, I WAS VERY SPECIFIC

A GIRL BABY WAS DESIRES TO ME!

IT'S JUST THE WAY THINGS ARE, SAY, SAY?

ARE!

VERBINT

FORESOOTH

SHEEP KEEPS?



DON'T ACT SO SHAKED, YOUNG LADY. IT'S NOT AS IF THIS IS NEW TO YOU!

PERHAPS A TRY IN OBEDIENCE WOULD CLEAR YOUR THINKING?

DON'T TRY IT, OLD KING. COOL. CALL YOUR BUILT. GO'S BACK AND PRETTY. I'M NOT ABOVE REMINDING YOU TO GET MY POINT? ALSO, SO?



I WARNED YOU! SHE CRASH!

WHAT'S SHE VIEW OUTIN THIS PLACE. ANYWAY?

LETTERED



WELL, HERE'S A SPECIAL DELIVERY FROM ME.

I'M OUT ON MERRY?



POOF! POOF! I DON'T THINK--

I CAN RUN!

POOF!

--BANY MOORE!

DON'T THINK THEY CAN FIND ME--

POOF!

--IN THE FOREST!



THE QUESTION IS: WHAT DO I DO NOW? THEY MUST HAVE MOVED ON. I'VE GOT TO FIND THEM!

I'M NO CLOSER TO ESCAPING AND IT'S GETTING DARK!

IT'S WINDY SCARY!



DON'T BE AFRAID OF THE DARK, J.J. BEING AFRAID IS COWARDLY!

I KNOW THAT VOICE-- AND THAT LAME BOLE!



YES, IT'S LAME AGAIN, J.J. YOU'D PROBABLY NOT, YOU'D APPRECIATE YOUR COUNTERPARTY!

WHAT ARE YOU SUPPOSED BE, MY PROTECT ALWAYS HATE FOREVER IT TO YOU, PAUL BURNING--

--BUT I DON'T HAVE ANY CANDLES ABOUT LAMBERTS-- NO MATTER HOW BIG THEIR AIDS ARE!

COULD CRACK, J.J. BUT VERY MUCH LIKE YOU!

YOU'VE GOTTEN A MOUTH ON YOUR TELL ME! DO YOU ALSO CARRY LOTS OF SAND?

WHAT'S IT TO YOU, GUMBY-BON? WHAT ARE I TO YOU? WHAT ARE YOU PLANNING ON DOING TO ME-- BURN ME, KILL ME!



DO I WOULD NOT THINK OF HAVING YOU, J.J. IT WOULD BE JUST LIKE HAVING MYSELF!

HEY, WHAT'S WITH THE JAMMED GEAR?

I DON'T PLAY JAMES GARDNER!

BUT I'M ALREADY FIGHTING ON THE TIGERAN BOLE!

--AND CARTON NEVER HIND!



IT'S MAGIC, J.J. AN EXPLOSION OF LIGHT AND COLOR! THE WORLD IS A CAROUSEL OF COLOR!

YOU GETTA BE -- RUN, NOW WHAT?

BEHOLDING MYSELF--



...MY BASTY SUGARMOTHER?

YOU WATCH YOUR MOUTH, YOUNG LADY!

DON'T YOU EVER USE THE WORD "MOTHER"...



...ABOUT YOUR DADDY EATHER?

DADDY, WHAT THE HELL--? IN WHAT'S NEXT, CHAUNT?

YOU JUST TAP THAT LIPS, JOCELYN JARRET!

YOU WERE ALWAYS SUCH A DICK-- AROUND TREAT TO ME...



DADDY, IS THIS REALLY THE TIME--?

SHUT UP, TALKING GIRL!



I WANTED A BOY TO CARRY ON FOR ME-- AND WHEN YOUR MOTHER GAVE ME YOU INSTEAD, IT RUINED MY LIFE!

I DON'T WANT YOU! I SPILL BLOOD-- AND NOW I CAN DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT!

IS THIS FOR REAL?



THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO ABOUT IT, DAD.

YOU DIDN'T WANT ME, SO I TRIED FOR YEARS TO MAKE YOU NOTICE I WAS THE BEST AT EVERYTHING. THE BEST SWIMMER, THE BEST ARCHER, THE BEST FIGHTER AND YOU COULDN'T NOTICE.

I WAS A BETTER SON TO YOU THAN ANY SON COULD HAVE BEEN.

BUT I STILL WANT SOMETHING, JUST BECAUSE I WAS BORN A GUY.



I TURNED MY BACK ON NORMAL GUY THINGS, BECAUSE I KNEW YOU'D ALWAYS BE ASKING I LIVED MY LIFE TRYING TO BE YOUR SON AND NOW I WANT TO GIVE YOU WHAT YOU WANTED.



YOU WILL, JOCELYN JANCE -- BY BRINGING ME, SO ANY SON WILL COME BACK TO THE REAL WORLD WITH ME!!

WOULD -- SON??



DIDN'T YOU FIND HIM FASCINATING, JOCELYN JANCE? THAT'S WHY, AS YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN.

BUT, NOW??

ANYTHING'S POSSIBLE HERE -- ESPECIALLY IF IT SHOWS YOUR GREAT SON FEELS DON'T I QUALIFY??

NOT ONLY ARE THE CHILD OLD AND ALWAYS WANTED, BUT I'M THE ONE WHO'LL TAKE YOUR PLACE.

JACKSON JR. AND JACKSON JR. TOGETHER FOREVER!

AREN'T THERE ANOTHER JACKSONS AROUND?



THEY'LL JUST TAKE A MOMENT?

HOLD STILL, DAUGHTER SOON YOU'LL BE JUST ANOTHER --

WHICH MY SON AND I WILL TRY TO PROTECT!!

DAD, I'M GETTING A CUP OF TEA HERE --



# A HELL OF A BARGAIN

**THE LATEST  
TECHNOLOGY**















OH GREAT  
ALMOST! I  
WHO SURVIVED  
YOU ONE  
HUNDRED YEARS  
AGONE, SURVIVED  
YOU NOW

WE HAVE GIVEN  
YOU SEVEN LIVES!  
WE HAVE  
PERMITTED  
THE DARKNESS!

GIVE  
US OUR FOLD  
POWER, OUR FOLD  
POWER, OUR FOLD  
POWER!



SEVEN LIVES, BUT  
NOT SEVEN SONS?  
NOT SEVEN  
DESCENDANTS?

YOU  
THINK TO COME  
UP WITH NEW  
TERMS FOR  
THE DARKNESS,  
DON'T YOU?



WE HAVE HELD  
TO THE DARKNESS  
WE, AND THE  
MOUNTAINS HAVE  
SERVED YOU!



ABOUT THE LIGHT  
JERRE IS MATTER  
ABOUT DARKNESS  
IT'S HER DESCENDANTS  
ALMOST DEAD!



ALMOST









COME  
TO  
ME!!



THE WHOLE PLACE  
IS GOING TO  
BE  
IN THE  
WORDS OF THE  
BISHOP, LET'S  
LET'S GET THE  
FLOCK OUT OF  
HERE!



I TRIED TO GET  
HIM BEFORE IT  
CAME BACK

I THINK  
THEY'VE GOT  
OTHER THINGS  
ON THEIR  
MIND



IF I GOON  
IN A HELL,  
DARE MY  
YOU'LL  
BE THERE  
SAY?



YOU'VE  
GONE TO  
SAY MY  
PLACE





